

WHOLE No. 959.

He even discovered that under the superficial exterior existed the kindest urgency of sympathy; the warmest sympathies; the most sensitive benevolence. His mind was imaginative. His reading had been various, but he was a thorough class professor; his memory was a storehouse of subjects with facts, theories, and dates, and, accorded with crude material, he was a thinker. There, in a moment of exultation, would be, as we were, mated down and poured forth in the lava of a heated imagination. At such moments, the change in the whole man was wonderful. His manner form could acquire dignity and grace; his long, pale visage was suffused with color; his eyes shone with intensest animation; and there were his pathetic tones and deep melodiousness in a voice that delighted the ear, and spoke movingly to the heart.

But what most enticed him to us, was his kindness and sympathy with which he entered into all our interests and wishes. In every

[illegible]

I, however, went on, exulting in my strength. Glenside supplied me with books, and I devoured them with appetite, if not digestion. We were alone and talked together under the trees before we went to house, or sat apart like Milton's angels, and, in the high converse upon themes beyond the grasp of ordinary intellects. Glenside possessed a kind of philosophic chivalry, in imitation of the old epic poetic sages, and was continually dreaming of romantic enterprises in morals, and splendid schemes for the improvement of society. He had the fanciful mode of illustrating abstract subjects by a carefully to my taste: clothed them with the language of poetry, and throwing round them the most magic hues of fiction. — How charming

ing, thought I, "is divine philosophy?"
hardly cracked, so dull folk suppose,
the world's great secrets.

What an awful self-conceit! I felt a wonderful self-conceit at such exalted terms with a man whose hands were as hard as iron, and looked down with a sentiment of pity on feeble intellects of my sisters, who could comprehend notions of my metaphysics. It was when I attempted to study them by myself, that I got to know the value of my own mind; for my aid, every thing was soon as clear to me as day. My ear drank in the beauty of his words, and my imagination was dazzled with the splendour of his thoughts. I sought the open air, and made a study of plants, and of the elements, and mistook them for the golden windows. Struck with the facility with which seemed to imbibe and relate the most abstruse notions, I was surprised to find that my memory powers, and was convinced that was a philosopher.

I was now verging toward nature's estate; but my education had been extremely irregular, and I was ignorant of the principles of medicine. I mistook for the impulses of my genius—was regarded with wonder and delight

[illegible][illegible]

This novel finished, I replaced it in my apartment, and looked for others. Their was ample, for they had brought home all were current in the city; but my appetite needed an immense supply. All this cour reading was carried on clandestinely, for I little embarrassed it, and fearful that my wit might be called in question; but this very pressure it additional need. It was "bread and butter," secret." It had the charm of a private anecdote.

But think what must have been the efficacious course of reading, on a youth of my permanent and turn of mind; intellect, too,

ATURDAY E
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[illegible][illegible]

the best, always giving
come in a poetic drive
the outside, we hope our
communications. We are
should not pass very
the same or rather
use to give them a fair
er treatment.

The President

We, in common with the
community, have been hang-
ing in expectation, waiting
for a female form on a home-
sick important executive
had not been for the
student to the state of un-
derstand for the past week,
the receipt of the
should have worn on the
and graceful, if not
appearance. Vexed at the
left terribly disposed to
ourselves, simply the
me one a little in advan-
ce gave up the idea, find-
ing some of our contempor-
aries the same degree of self-
deception, one of the most in-

The N. York Dispatch
giving messages of pretty
most. Altogether, they
cultivating a familiarity with
our relations we had no
standing aside their busi-
ness hints, that, if acted
upon, would be an obnoxious
thing but an obvious
We presume our next ad-
venture "Simon Pure."

Circulation of the E.
Official returns show the
of the following London
papers:
Morning Chronicle,
Evening Herald,
Morning Advertiser,
Morning Post,
Eve. (Evening)
Standard,
Telegraph,
Pier,
Daily Weekly Dispatch of
week.

Early Chronicle, "The Weekly Dispatch at 1836, its aggregate was \$247,000—an average of \$1,235 per circulation. In London, it averaged 149—2 years of \$9,045,301. The revenue to the government was \$1,855.

Indian War.

The Austin Gazette of the Captain Howard, on his way back, with a company of his party of Indians, who commenced an attack, defeated the Indians, slaughtering five or six, without loss on our part. They were Cheels and Gaddoo. Captain Lewia, the brother of the Cheels, who commanded the Cherokee war in the Cheveliers.

In addition to this intelligence, Neil, commanding the

on with a party of in-
defeated three—kill-
ending many more

APPLYING NEWS FROM THE
Washington, at New
the unprecedented panic
ramps, the yellow
depicted, the hell
a day or two since, the
the ravages at the Flori-
the officers has fallen re-
Taylor and Capt. Paul
death. Among the sold-
Capt. Barker is among the

THE INDIAN MURDERERS
Augustine news of Nov.
recent murders on the
miles from St. August-
warrior. Master Capt. Rea-
yet dead? (also, a hor-
rably, shot on his horse,
father, and his son, a boy,
had been brought in al-
ter living. Great indigna-
these events should have new
trustee, where there are
employed in the circus

Ross.—A runner is aff-
standard, stating that John
with a few warriors, for the

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